

THE
Johnson Journal



Christmas Issue

December, 1942

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EDITOR'S CORNER

WASTE OF TIME IN SCHOOL



I entered the schoolroom and lo and behold, what a sight met my eyes! The teacher wasn't there, so that must have explained it. I

don't know what else could. There wasn't one pupil studying. The boys, yes, and girls, too, were throwing spitballs at one another. One missed me by a hair's breath. Some of the other girls were having a gab-fest or jaw-fest or some such nonsense in one corner. The noise and din was terrific until someone yelled, "The Teacher!" There was a mad scramble for their seats and a sudden hush descended from above. When the teacher entered you wouldn't have known that only a few minutes before bedlam had let loose, so studious did they all look.

The preceding paragraph depicts a typical schoolroom without a teacher. Time was being wasted. Idleness was rampant. Time is too precious and vital to be wasted. If you waste only ten minutes a day you think that isn't much, but waste it every day and you have an hour and ten minutes gone a week, five hours a month and sixty hours a year. Think of what that means! Vital time that might

have been used in war work gone, never to be gotten back again.

But time is being wasted all day long in school. It is wasted in going from one class to another, between first and second bells, in study periods and even in class rooms. Many of us just take our time in going from one class to another. Why, we don't know, but we do. Being late for class is just as much a waste of time as throwing spitballs. A great amount of time also is wasted between first and second bells. If you waste those two minutes every period that's fourteen minutes a day, an hour and thirty-eight minutes a week and eighty-five hours a year. That's tragic! In our classrooms we waste time by idly gazing out of a window or day-dreaming. We only get half an assignment and then blame the teacher the next day if it isn't right.

Wasting time is harmful. If you begin to waste it in school think of the habit you will acquire in the business world. An employer doesn't like an employee who is never on time. You think that wasting your time will hurt no one but yourself. It's true that it hurts yourself but it also hurts your country, friends and business associates; in fact it hurts everyone you come in contact with, so beware of the Time Wasters—they are not good Americans.

Mary Wilkinson, '43



WITH OUR AUTHORS

THE HERMIT

The old man sat in the sun, calmly smiling, smoking his corncob pipe. Little he knew of the outside world, of national conflicts, of hatred and tyranny. His smile fell short of the thousands of hungry children scattered all over Europe. His ears heard only the singing of the birds and the whistling of the wind through the trees. No enemy bombers droned overhead, dropping bombs upon homes and factories. His eyes saw only the beauties of nature, trickling streams, colorful shrubbery, azure skies. He read no reports of strategic battles with thousands of casualties. His was a complete freedom; freedom of speech, of actions, of religion. His thoughts, words, and deeds were not hampered by dictatorial powers. No one compelled him to work against what he believed to be right. Yes, the life of a hermit does have its advantages as compared with the lives of some peoples today.

Joan Fitzgerald, '44

COMMON COURTESY

Look, folks, we know everybody is pretty busy this time of the year and maybe common courtesy is the last thing on your minds, but stop a minute and think about it, will you? We're not asking for little Lord Fauntleroys or Lady Janes; we want only decent conduct and a little fairness around the school. Of course you are simply starving at recess, but if everybody could storm the lunch counter, we'd no doubt have a litter of corpses lying around at eleven o'clock. Take it easy down there. Give the cafeteria girls a break and don't shove everybody into pic-

calilli jars. It's good relish, but enough is enough. When you get your lunch and the world begins to look bright again, clear out and give the next person a chance. Keep a little order in the halls too.

It's understood you all know class room etiquette by now. Don't be so unmannerly as to keep your seats when your teachers speak to you. They stand up practically all day, don't they? And, of course, the merest courtesy is letting one person have the floor at a time.

It's really not hard to do a polite thing occasionally. You'll be surprised how charming you could be if you tried. We are all ladies and gentlemen fundamentally, you know.

Eileen Driscoll, '43

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN SCHOOL



Perhaps the most important cause of failure in school is indolence. We just don't feel like exerting ourselves to get

our homework done. Soon we find ourselves far behind the others in our classes. We lack the courage to realize we have been in error, and keep letting things slide until we find ourselves failing the course. Too often our alibi is, "Oh, I didn't feel like doing my homework." Sometimes we have to learn to disregard our feelings, learn to accustom ourselves to persevere at tasks that are monotonous or difficult. In doing this we take a great step toward becoming adults.

Adults must use their time efficiently to get all their tasks done. Why pupils should feel they needn't budget their time is a mystery. We should learn not to give too much time to one subject just because we like it, to the detriment of others we dislike or that are difficult. Chances are in later life that we shall need most of the material we study in high school and the subject we may have neglected may be the one we'll need most. Budgeting is also necessary to prevent waste of time in deciding which subject should be studied at that time.

But having a definite time for the studying of each subject won't help if you're out enjoying some activity which has no bearing on schoolwork. Many people try to crowd so many outside activities into the day's program that they succeed in doing nothing well. We should remember that right now our job is our school work. This job, if we are diligent enough at it, will enable us to obtain a position that may offer us the means when we are grown of enjoying various social activities.

Another important reason for failure in school is that perhaps the person has not chosen the course suited to his abilities. Psychologists tell us that people are born with one or more of these abilities but rarely with all three: the ability for abstract thought, as shown in reasoning and mathematics; ability for mechanics; and ability for social relationships. It is obvious that a person who has mechanical ability should not take the academic course unless he possesses that kind of ability, too. Not all girls have the ability to do well in the commercial subjects. Probably they would be better satisfied in the domestic arts or the academic course. Utmost care should be taken in choosing the

course, for, as a rule, a person will have a much higher degree of success in a course for which he is suited than in a course for which he has little or no ability.

No matter what course the student chooses, if his health is not good he probably will not succeed. It has been proved that physical defects such as poor vision, deafness, or adenoid growths impede a child's progress. If a child is absent because of frequent colds he cannot expect to do well, for he misses valuable explanations which would have helped him with his work.

Even if children are in good physical health, unless they have reached the mental plane on which other children in their classes are, they will fail to realize how to go about studying and understanding their work.

Kathleen Ford, '43

DIARY

October 27, 1942

Today I arose at 8:00 a.m. I found it to be a glorious day, with the sun shining for all it was worth.

I immediately dressed myself with zeal, for I had planned to play football with my fellow companions. But alas and alack! My plans were to be changed; Mother had decided to start fall cleaning. There I was, caught like a rat in a trap. The manual labor was continuous throughout the day. There I was taking down screens, shifting furniture, washing windows, etc.

No football!

October 29

I finally arose at 10:00 a.m. this morning after some heavy persuading on the part of my better self.

I received an invitation from my aunt to have lunch with her and Diana. I was completely overjoyed with this, for I knew it meant no dishes for me to wash. The dinner was magnificent, and I told my aunt I planned to play football with the other boys that afternoon. But then Grampy came home and stated he would like to go to a show. He asked me if I would mind Diana. I was bewildered. I wanted to play football, but how could I say no to Grampy? As usual I was stuck; there I was minding a three-year-old I don't know what. She forever asked questions, and I soon ran out of answers. I thought teachers were bad! Diana has it all over them!

No football!

John Wood, '45

To every dime for pleasure spending
Match a dime for victory lending.

SUCCESS

You can divide success into two types, if you don't want to be too specific. There is a social and a scholastic success. It is much easier to talk about scholastic success than to attain it. As it determines your future work, it's important to do your best in all your subjects to see which one you are best at. Neither one is important without the other. The social success depends upon how well you get along with people.

There have been books written on how to achieve success, so all I can do is repeat what has already been said. Pep, smiles, and perseverance are important. As I see it, anyone who can smile when something goes wrong, use his pep to right it, and persevere until it is all right, can be a huge success in anything. I think a smile, not a painted or ever present grin, will help you along in business or a profession.

It stands to reason that if you are a success, or pretty close to it, in school, you won't be a failure later on. There are exceptions, of course. If you don't do well in school it may mean that you may be better suited to fields other than those offered in school. Don't rest on the laurels you received in high school or college. Success in high school will mean you have formed good habits. It shouldn't be difficult to adjust those habits to suit your job.

Success in something is absolutely necessary in a well-rounded life. People do not want to feel that they weren't really good at anything. Therefore, it is important that you read widely, study, and meet as many people as possible.

Virginia Aponovich, '43

GRANDMOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

In Grandmother's day things were a bit different from what they are at the present time. I'd like to tell you an experience my grandmother had when she was young.

It was a bitter cold morning, when a girl about nine years old came strolling down the street in the little mill village called Carolina.

She stopped suddenly before she got much farther down the road, and glanced thoughtfully toward the pond that provided the mill with its power. Then she started to run, her blonde curls flying from underneath her bright red cap. She looked again at the pond. "Yes, I'll do it today," she quickly decided to herself.

Her decision was to cross with her eyes shut, a narrow strip of board which went across the pond. It was used in winter for men to stand on to chop the ice. She closed her eyes tightly and started on her dangerous journey. There wasn't anything to hold onto. She just balanced herself.

At this time, there wasn't a great deal of water in the pond because the falls were beginning to freeze over. But what water there was was splashing rapidly against the huge rocks.

Suddenly she lost her balance and plunged into the freezing water. "Help, help," she cried at the top of her voice.

A man who was passing by, heard her screams, and ran to the pond, jumped down on the rocks and rescued her.

"Well, Katie, I declare, I might have known it would be you. It's a wonder you weren't killed, you little tom-boy. Now run along home and get some dry clothes on, or you'll get pneumonia," he warned.

The little tom-boy, as the kind farmer had called her, felt more like a child who had done something very wrong, when she got home. She had learned the lesson—never cross a bridge before you come to it. Only it had for her a different meaning from the usual one.

This mischievous, nine-year-old child, turned out to be my grandmother, many years later.

Alma Sanford, '46

A PECULIAR SURPRISE

When my mother was a child, in England, she and another girl, whose grandmother owned a store, used to carry a basket of food every week up to a mansion. Everybody called the mansion White Window, because it had so many windows. When they arrived at the gate they would enter the mansion through the stables. As they passed through the archway they would run their fingers along some funny little strings which were suspended from the archway. Many is the time they did it unconsciously, but one day they got curious and asked the coachman what they were.

"Well, girls, I'll tell you. Those funny little strings suspended from the arch are rat's tails."

"Oh! No," exclaimed the girls, "they aren't!"

But sure enough they were. In those days there was a bounty for rats. And to prove you got one you would hang up the tail.

Joseph Rand, '46

THE BORROWED FLAG



This summer when I was in a nearby town I heard two people talking or arguing very heatedly.

"Kinda nice, isn't it?" said one.

"Of course it is."

"Well, I know one that's better."

"I'll bet you don't."

"Oh, yes, I do—my own is."

"You might think this wasn't yours."

"It isn't, only until the war's over, then I am going back to my own."

"Sure, sure, I know all about it. You people stay out of danger in this country and as the war ends you go back. But, remember, as long as you're here, don't you ever say you know a prettier flag, because you don't, and this is my flag and I love it. And anyway," he continued, "while you're here, this flag is yours. It's everybody's flag when they want to be free and safe. You're not the only person in the United States that thinks they've just borrowed this flag for the duration. You'll stay. Just as soon as you've been here a while you learn our way of thinking, our way of living, and you won't go back. I guarantee you that. You see—I borrowed this flag. It's mine now, mine to keep and love."

Shirley Kelly, '46

HOW DO YOU LOOK?

If you just glance around in any high school, you will see that by describing one high school girl you have described them all. A skirt and sweater (preferably sloppy), ankle socks and saddle shoes (preferably dirty) are the customary attire of the high school girl.

Now I'm not going to criticise the clothes of the high school girl. After all, I am a high school girl, and who am I to criticise myself? Still there could be a few improvements in most girls' appearance. If the sweaters were a little less sloppy, the skirts not quite so short, and the shoes the color they should be, their appearance would be improved one hundred per cent.

It really doesn't make much difference what you wear as long as your clothes are neat and clean. Of course you should wear clothes to fit the occasion so that you won't look conspicuous. If you are well-dressed you will feel confident of yourself and a poised confident girl always makes a good impression.

You've heard the proverb, "A first impression is a lasting impression." Before you even speak, a new acquaintance will look you over and form an opinion. That is why it is necessary to be well-dressed.

Dorothy Winning, '43

GET A JOB

During this period of prosperity many jobs can be easily obtained. Workers are needed in abundance by many industries. Many school pupils have realized this and they are taking advantage of it by working after school hours.

The ways in which a girl can earn money are various. Many girls who are school students spend a large part of their leisure time earning money. The largest part of this

group take care of children. They are contributing a service to the nation by letting women who are essential to the war effort, work in factories and they are earning money for themselves at the same time. Due to the shortage of manpower, many girls are hired as clerks in department stores.

Most boys have some form of earning power. They either carry the daily newspaper or carry orders for some grocery store. Mr. Hayes, the high school principal, finds jobs for many of the high school students.

After you have earned this money you should invest it in something worthwhile. Many students who intend to go to college invest their money in this. You can also help your parents by buying some of the clothes you require.

Barbara Dubrueil, '43

THE BLACK RAIN

One bright day my uncle hastened to his work of inspecting the structure of huge coal bins to insure sturdiness, so that the bins will hold the tons upon tons that pour into them.

No. 26 bin was not to be used on that day so that was the one he was to inspect. Down the frail ladder on the inside of the bin he climbed. Upon reaching the bottom of the enclosure he immediately proceeded to test the bolts that held the structure.

Just then everything became dark and a torrent of hard coal poured down on him. He shielded his head with his hands and arms and climbed. One foot then the other he pulled from the coal. The coal still poured in and still he climbed. It was many, many minutes before the last of the hard rock tumbled onto his bruised body and he again saw the welcome sunlight. It seemed like eternal years to him.

June Davis, '46

THE MYSTERY OF THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Many years ago one of my very early ancestors, Captain John Smith by name, lived not far away from what is now Bar Harbor on Mount Desert Island. He and his wife and family lived there on a very lonely farm on a grant of land which had been given to Captain Smith by the government.

One very dark night a message was brought to John Smith and he left with the messenger without saying a word to anyone.

Many months later, Reuben, the eldest son, heard a rap on the shutters of the bedroom. He listened for a moment and recognized the voice of his father calling his mother's name.

His mother hastily opened the door and her husband entered. He set a heavy box on the table in the living room. Reuben, who was then about twelve years old, sat up in his trundle bed and through the open door saw his father with the box, lift the lid, take up his two hands full of gold and let it slip back into the box and watch it as it glittered in the candlelight.

When asked about the gold, he said that just before his departure, he had received a message from his own country, France, and that the gold was an inheritance. He also told his children that had they been born in France their name would not have been Smith.

The box and its contents were buried. No one but Captain John Smith knew its hiding place. Often-times, Reuben Smith saw his father take a few pieces of the foreign gold to Ellsworth to sell. Gossiping neighbors said he was a pirate, but to this day there can be no proof, though he never received any more messages or inheritances.

At the age of eighty-one Captain Smith was taken suddenly ill. When asked by members of his family where the gold was hidden, he answered, "It is under a tree in the range of a tall pine." That was too indefinite, though much earth was turned in an attempt to locate the hidden treasure.

Some people said that Abisha, his youngest son, who came to inherit the home place may have found it. This was never known to be true, as Abisha never could have changed it without its being known, and he never possessed any great visible means.

As far as the relatives of my father's family know the treasure still lies hidden, "Under a tree in the range of a tall pine," not far from Bar Harbor on the Island of Mount Desert.

William Torrey, '46

SHOOTING DUCKS

I don't think that there is a thing in the world that can beat the thrill of getting up out of a warm bed on some frosty October morn at about four o'clock, stumbling around in the dark, putting on mountains of clothes, finding jackets, guns, shells, decoys and all the time trying not to wake up the other members of the family. Then you stumble miles through the swamp to your blind, with the air as sharp and cold as the knife at your side. Now you set out the decoys, using the leaky old flat-bottomed boat drawn up in the weeds and getting soaked from the half foot of rain water in the bottom. You row quietly back to the blind when finished, mumbling to yourself about the cold which penetrates through your clothes like a steel bayonet.

You'll probably have to wait an hour, maybe two until you see a far away flock of blacks or mallards

winging their way towards you through the quiet misty sky. They circle the lake once, maybe twice, then they come swinging in towards the decoys and your blind. You've already loaded your gun and you wait tensely until it seems almost as though you could touch them with the barrel itself. You pick a target, slowly swinging with it, leading it a little and then you fire. The bird collapses like a broken balloon. You fire again and again, probably getting another if you're lucky. You sit down still shaky and trembling for a few minutes, then row out and pick up the birds. Now you can shoulder the ducks and stumble back home feeling wonderfully happy and contented.

Herbert Sperry, '44

THE PLANE



Swiftly it flies
as an eagle
bound for its
nest in the hills.
It dips and
soars as does
the barn swal-
low when the

twilight is turning to dusk. Now you see it climbing up and swooping down as a kite tossed by the winds.

It is an angel of mercy for those in need, a toy of the devil when placed in the hands of ruthless killers. And ever onward, like the march of time, it shows the progress of mankind.

Carlotta Hopping, '44

A CHILD ALONE ON A COUNTRY ROAD AT NIGHT

The dark clouds closed in on the moon and soon devoured it, leaving me in a world of darkness. As I walked along, the trees seemed to talk to each other. Their branches

formed arms and hands which tried to grab me as I passed by. The stumps and rocks formed great horned monsters with dripping fangs and gleaming eyes. Suddenly I stopped short. Something was moving in the bushes ahead of me. I heard the sticks break and the ground tremble as it walked. I could see the fire shoot from its mouth. I tried to turn and run, but I couldn't move. I was frozen to that spot. Closer and closer it came. I saw in my mind a picture of me disappearing into the mouth of a large dragon. I called for help but no sound came out. Suddenly with a burst of bushes and leaves, it stepped out. I stood there like a one man band. My knees banged together, my teeth chattered and my body shook all over. Fear gripped me. My end was near. I opened my eyes expecting to be by the flaming forge inside a dragon. There I stood in front of old Bessie, my dear horse, staring into her gentle eyes. Climbing on her back I enjoyed the rest of the trip home.

Gardner Cook, '46

WHAT AM I?

I am in a cylindrical shape. My skin is zinc and I wear cardboard clothes. My inside is a black chemical compound. Acid is always present and causes ions which form my blood, to flow in and out of my arms. My arms are connected to my side and to a rod, which is composed of the same substances as sugar, that runs down inside my body.

Have you guessed what I am? No? Well then I will give you a few more hints.

I have a negative and a positive pole. I ring people's bells and blow their horns. Now can you guess who I am? That's right, I am a dry cell.

Norman T. Campbell, '46

WHAT ARE ADOLESCENTS MADE OF?

Chili on hot dogs, vanilla in cokes,
Hilarious whooping at practical
jokes.

Phone conversations all night and
all day,
Dripping with "lousy," "say kid,"
and "okay."

Spine on the sofa and feet on the
table,
Seething debates on the merits of
Gable.

Football, report cards, and 4-H club
dues,

Loud cries of horror at clean saddle
shoes.

Movies and popcorn and jitterbug
jerking,

Hailing each other with, "Hiyah,
what's perking?"

Summertime hogging of local ver-
andas,

Acres of bracelets like Carmen Mir-
anda's.

Moods of hilarity followed by gloom,
Pennants and posters all over the
room.

Allowances that melt with astonish-
ing speed,

For recordings and things that they
really don't need.

No concern at all for the dinner that
waits,

And dates and dates and dates and
Dates!

That's what adolescents are made of!

Elizabeth Lewis, '45

CRITICISM GIVEN AND TAKEN

Webster defines criticism as the expression of one's views as to the merit of anyone or anything. However, I feel that the dictionary touches a very small part of what is really implied by this word.

Closely allied to the word criticism are the critics, which group in

my mind is divided into four distinct classes.

The Tactless Thomas type informs the group in John's presence that he has never seen a cheaper, homelier class ring than John's. This pulls down a chorus of criticism on John's head, and makes him feel highly embarrassed and very self-conscious. John, smiling uneasily, tries to be good natured about it, although he really feels as though he would like to knock Tactless Thomas down. Personally I think he should.

At the opposite extreme we have the Subtle Suggester. The Suggester singles John out from the group of other boys, and leads him to a far corner where he in almost a mysterious manner whispers to John that his class ring is pretty good considering the price, and looks like his old Grammar School ring. John looks deflated. He would like to scalp the Suggester, and it's a pity he doesn't.

In wholly a different class is Ned, the Nagger, who makes criticism a hobby and who thoroughly enjoys it. Whenever he sees John he has quite a list of criticisms at the end of his tongue and starts with the one about the ring. John soon learns to avoid him, and so he should. This type is never very popular among others.

The meanest type by far, however, is Terrence Twoface, who admiringly praises the ring in John's presence, and who then immediately runs outside to criticise it to one of John's good friends from whom John hears it soon afterwards. John suffers somewhat from disillusionment.

Adverse criticism if trivial and unfounded should be disregarded as much as possible. It is often caused by jealousy, bitterness, anger or malice, and everyone is guilty of this fault at some time or other. Such criticism should be viewed in a humorous light.

(Continued on Page 14)

CHATTER

CLASS OFFICERS

SENIOR

President	Leo Lafond
Vice-President	Alex Milne
Sec. and Treas.	Barbara Earl

JUNIOR

President	Ray Sullivan
Vice-President	Paul Hulub
Sec. and Treas.	Marion Stewart

SOPHOMORE

President	William McEvoy
Vice-President	John Sullivan
Sec. and Treas.	Lorraine Lewis

FRESHMAN

President	Nicholas Evangelos
Vice-President	Norman Campbell
Sec. and Treas.	Rita Mulchahey

MIND OUR MANNERS

One of the highlights of the first half-year was a lecture presented to the students at a special assembly by Mrs. Mary Carr Baker. The topic of the lecture was, "How Attractive Is Your Personality?" This included mannerisms, expressions of speech, and neatness of appearance. We hope that her suggestions which no doubt come from practical experience will be practiced by the students.

Mrs. Baker, a Public Health Education Worker, provided an extremely interesting three-quarters of an hour of true-to-life experiences, interspersed with humor.

When Mrs. Baker accepted a position to teach in West Newbury instead of North Andover, Johnson lost a valuable asset to its teaching staff.

The student body should be proud of the fact that on the whole Mrs. Baker thought the students were neater than the average. This should be an incentive to encourage us to make further gains in improving our appearance.

BARN DANCE

Traditions were broken when the Senior Class held a barn dance which was open to all classes.

This, the first dance of the year, preceded the Senior-Freshman which is usually given precedence over the other dances.

The hall was attractive with Haloween decorations. During the evening prizes of defense stamps were awarded to June Sperry and John Greenwood for the typical farmer and farmerette. Novel broom dances and square dances, called off by Richard Adams, were enjoyed by everyone.

Refreshments consisting of cider and doughnuts were served at 10 p.m. following the grand march. The dance was chaperoned by Miss Neil, Miss Torpey, Miss Clara Chapman, Miss Veva Chapman, Mr. Cavalieri, and Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hayes. Dancing ended at 11 p.m.

Apparently the speech on school spirit was not a futile effort on the part of the cheerleaders, for there was a large attendance and most of the boys were dancing.

ALUMNI NOTES

Donald Hilton—McIntosh.

Robert Wenzel—Dartmouth.

Constance Fitzgerald—Radcliffe.

Phyllis Hurd—School of Practical Arts.

Evelyn Lee—Jackson.

Beatrice Britton—Mass. Gen. Hosp.

Julius Ceplikas—Stevens Mill.

Anna Evangelos—Arlington Mill.



Norman Andrew—Tufts.
 Robert Earl—Stork's farm.
 Gertrude McKay—Mass. State College.
 Ruth Diamont—Post Graduate.
 Frank Stewart—Bridgton Academy.
 George Gildea—Boston College.
 Frank Guerrera—St. John's Prep.
 Doris McKinnon—engaged to Colin Eliot.
 Frances Peel—N. H. State College.
 Barbara Colebrook—Catherine Gibbs School.
 Barbara Bannan—Mary Washington College.
 Neil Keating—Wentworth Institute.
 Henrietta Holtz—Post Graduate.
 Charles McCubbin—Stevens Mill.
 Jacqueline Hutton -- Civil Service, Washington, D. C.
 Carroll Saunders—St. John's Prep.
 Phylis Terret—Lowell Textile.
 Julius Pierog—Optometrist at Kef ferstan's.
 Lillian Amshey—Post Graduate.
 Eleanor Kreusel—typist in the Boston Navy Yard.
 Jane Proulx—Mohican Market.
 Eileen Proulx — Office work Navy Yard.
 Margaret Curtin—Office work Navy Yard.
 Donald Milne—Navy.
 Earl Blackstock—Navy.
 Charles McKinnon—Navy.
 Frederick Hill—Army Air Force.
 Stanley Armstrong—Air Force.
 Dan McCarthy—Worcester Academy.

HAVE YOU MET?

Have you met the freshman class president? If you haven't, here's your chance. He's Nicholas Evangelos. Nicky has a head of curly hair, (That is, it would be curly if it weren't cut so short) and dark, sparkling eyes. He's fourteen and like most boys, likes sea stories. Nicky graduated from the Thomson School last year and is now taking the Social Arts course here at John-

son. When interviewed, Nicky couldn't think of anything he wanted to be. Just now he is all for football, his favorite sport.

* * *

Have you met our well-liked president of the senior class? If you haven't you ought to, and if you have, that's swell. He's Leo Lafond, and he's eighteen years of age. Leo is right guard, as well as captain of the football team. He is taking the Social Arts course and his ambition is to be a patternmaker, or, as usual, to join the army. Leo has piloted the class of '43 the four years that it has inhabited Johnson, and has done a splendid job.

DEWEY DYER IN CIVIL AIR PATROL

Here is the way Dewey Dyer is doing his part in the war. He is in-



structing a group of cadets at the Lawrence Airport. These cadets are being taught military courtesy and

discipline, first-aid and pre-flight training. Included in the pre-flight training is meteorology, navigation, information on airplane engines, and power plants.

The group consists of twenty to twenty-five boys from Greater Lawrence, Lowell, and Haverhill. This renders them capable for volunteer service in the Civil Air Patrol.

Dyer received the training which made him eligible for this position through a course given by the Civil Aeronautics authorities in the Aviation Ground School in Lawrence. Dyer has had his pilot's license since he was sixteen and flew with the Civil Air Patrol until it was discontinued by official order late this fall.



JOHNSON HELPS UNCLE SAM

On Wednesday, October 14, the school went all out for victory. A scrap drive for old metal and rubber was conducted by the students supervised by Mr. Hayes. The town was divided up into districts according to warden posts, each group electing a chairman for their respective districts. The chairmen were as follows: James Allen, George Barker, Chester Cramton, John Farrell, Dewey Dyer, Richard Hopping, Leo Lafond, Perley Rea, John Walsh, Robert Wentworth, Barbara Earl, Sylvia Hall, Ralph Davis, John Cyr, Alastair Fraser, Thomas Gosselin, Jack Howard, Paul Hulub, Wanda Stefanowich, Frank Driscoll, Mary Werenchuk, Carl Long, Dorothy MacDowell, Rita Connors, John Stewart, Mabel Arlit, and Arthur Temple. From 9:00 a.m. to 1 p.m. students could be observed in various parts of the town industriously collecting scrap. The scrap was deposited in strategic points, and on Sunday volunteers in trucks collected the small

piles, making one big pile. Almost 100 tons of scrap was collected.

Briefly this is what happens to the scrap. From the big scrap pile it goes to a sorting yard where iron, steel, copper, and brass are separated. After being sorted, it is transported to mills. At the mill the scrap is weighed in readiness for the final process of melting it. Combined with limestone and pigiron it is fed into the blast furnace. It goes in scrap—comes out molten metal. Rolled, drawn, and shaped, it reappears as tools of war. Perhaps it was your old bed spring, baby carriage or saucepan. Now it is a menace to Hitler!

READING FOR FUN AT STEVENS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Perhaps some of the pupils of Johnson High School think of the Library only as a source for required reading in English classes or as a place to go to look up references assigned by the teachers. To these, as well as to the pupils who enjoy reading anyway, this article is addressed.

Here at the Library we often have

requests for books out of which movies have been made. Three motion pictures which will soon be shown, were made from books here in the Library. One of these is *My Friend Flicka*, by Mary O'Hara. It is the story of a boy and a horse on a Wyoming ranch. It will be enjoyed equally by any horse lover, whether boy or girl. Another story is *Lassie Come Home*, by Eric Knight, and it tells of a beautiful collie dog and her devotion to her master, even after she has been separated from him. Still another is *Journey For Margaret*, by William L. White. *Scholastic* for October 19-24, 1942, tells more about these fine movies.

Girls who have enjoyed reading the book *Junior Miss* will be glad to know that the author, Sally Benson, has written a new book. It is called *Meet Me In St. Louis*, and it is based on her own life when she was a girl in St. Louis in 1903 and 1904. It is full of humor.

Many of the fall books will appeal to boys more than to girls. Some of these that follow are books of information instead of stories, and will be liked by boys who do not care for fiction.

Barton, Frederick B. *Music as a Hobby: How to have Fun with Music as a Performer and as a Listener.*

Benet, Laura. *Young Edgar Allan Poe.*

Childs, Marquis. *This Is Your War.* This is a clear cut description of what the war is going to mean to every citizen—young and old—everywhere in our country.

Daly, Maureen. *Seventeenth Summer.*

Field, Rachel. *And Now Tomorrow.*

Floherty, John J. *Courage and Glory.* Contains true stories of eight great American heroes of the second world war; Lieut. Bulkeley; Captain Colin P. Kelly; General MacArthur and others.

Guyton, Boone T. *Air Base.* Written by a U. S. navy flier attached to the Lexington and published some time before the sinking of the carrier.

Hahn, Emily. *Soong Sisters.* This book is not new, but is a most inspiring story of China's three most remarkable women.

Hargrove, Harion. *See Here, Private Hargrove.*

Hubler, Richard G. *Lou Gehrig.*

MacInnes, Helen. *Above Suspicion.*

Shirer, William L. *Berlin Diary.*

"An American from a grandstand seat, watches the approach and breaking of World War II."

Steinbeck, John. *Moon is Down.* A novel about conquerors in an invaded country. It tells why free men and women cannot be conquered.

Tunis, John R. *All American.* A football story which revolves around two schools, a private and a public school, and around two teams and the personalities of two boy leaders.

White, William L. *They Were Expendable.*

Zim, Herbert S. *Parachutes.*

Zim, Herbert S. *Submarines.*

CRITICISM GIVEN AND TAKEN

(Continued from Page 10)

There is, however, one kind of criticism that is well worth heeding, namely that which is given sincerely to us by our parents, teachers or friends, in order to help us. Criticism of this sort should be accepted with good humor, and we should try to benefit from it.

Kenneth L. Carvell, '43

THE OWL

And out with a start

An owl made a funny sound

And we looked at him

And he was a sad looking thing.

Joseph Verda, '46

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL NOTES 1942



The score was 18-14. The colors were presented to the Johnson High School band between halves.

Johnson traveled by train to Reading for this game. Because of the lack of transportation, the train was the only way to get there. Both teams played hard for victory, but the score was Johnson 0, Reading 0.

Traveling to another victory, Johnson went by private cars to Hudson, Mass., for a 21-13 victory. As there was lack of transportation, followers, which were many, also went by private cars to cheer for the team.

Johnson's next game was played at Methuen. It was on Columbus Day and many were there to see Johnson's team win 30-13. Cramton played very well for Johnson.

St. John's of Danvers traveled to North Andover only to be defeated 39-0. Rennie led the team by scoring three touchdowns. P. Hulub made good on three placement conversions.

Johnson High scored a 33-7 victory over Brooks, R. Sullivan and D. Rennie playing very well for the home team.

Johnson High won its annual game with Central Catholic High on Armistice Day at the Stadium, by a score of 19-13. R. Sullivan scored two touchdowns and played a splendid game. Also playing a splendid game

were D. Rennie, Hulub and Gosselin.

The last and final game with Punchard High was played on Saturday after Thanksgiving. Although the Johnson boys put up a grand fight, they lost 6-0. It was a heart-breaking game, for everyone hoped for a win. Slight injuries were received by both teams. The Johnson team showed very fine coaching and playing, especially R. Sullivan and D. Rennie (who were elected Co-Captains for next season).

POINTS SCORED BY JOHNSON

Rennie	66
Sullivan	48
Cramton	12
Allen	12
Hulub	9
Gosselin	6
McCarthy	6

THE USUAL LINE-UP

R.E.	Stewart
R.T.	Walsh
R.G.	Driscoll
C.	Poh
L.G.	Lafond (Capt.)
L.T.	Hulub
L.E.	Gosselin
L.H.B.	Sullivan
R.H.B.	Rennie
Q.B.	Cramton
F.B.	Hay

THE FINAL RECORD

Johnson	18	St. James	14
Johnson	0	Reading	0
Johnson	21	Hudson	13
Johnson	30	Methuen	13
Johnson	39	St. John's	0
Johnson	32	Brooks	7
Johnson	19	Central	13
Johnson	0	Punchard	6
	—		—
Johnson	159	Opponents	66

GLEANINGS

EXCHANGES

- The Keyhole*
Burlington H. S., Burlington, Vt.
Green and White
Essex Agricultural School,
Danvers, Mass.
Skool Nooz
Randolph H. S., Randolph, Vt.
The Aegis
Beverly H. S., Beverly, Mass.
The Meteor
Berlin H. S., Berlin, N. H.
Tiger Highlights
Ogden H. S., Ogden, Utah
The Killonian
Killingly H. S., Danielson, Conn.
The Punch Harder
Punchard H. S., Andover, Mass.
The Cryptian
Crypt School, Gloucester, England
The Cub
Manning H. S., Ipswich, Mass.
The Lawrencian
Lawrence H. S., Lawrence, Mass.
The Record
Newburyport H. S., Newburyport,
Mass.

The Killonian. Your newspaper contained a fine collection of literary accomplishments, news, humor and other short topics.

The Holten. Your items "Aircraft Recognition" and "Adieu a La Normandie" were especially well done.

Spring Cub. "This America," "Defenseless," "Little Sister" and "My Trip to America" were most interesting and entertaining.

The Archon. Your magazine was written and illustrated in a very interesting manner.

Skool Nooz. Its contents were as interesting as its cover was original.

WHAT'S NEW?

- Holiday Inn—Hi-Spot.*
Pride of (J. H. S.) The Yankees—
Leo Lafond.
The Gay Sisters—Cheerleaders.
Iceland—Room 15.
Mr. Babblemouth (s)—Room 8.
Crossroads—Graduation.
The Talk of the Town—Report Cards.
The Magnificent Dope—I should commit myself and end my life so soon?
The Fleet's In—Need I go on?
The Women—Room 4.
The Jungle Book—Freshmen looking for classes.
This Above All—Study Periods.
Take a Letter, Darling—Senior Shorthand Class.
Always in my Heart—Homework.
Lady in a Jam—Entering Mr. Haye's office.
This Way, Please—Also Mr. Haye's office.
True to the Army—Most Girls.
Desperate Journey—Below "70".
Powder Town—Girls' Basement.
Melody Lane—Music Period.



CHUCKLES

One month my tailor told me I could have no more cuffs on my clothes and the next month he said I could have no more clothes on the cuff.

You know I'd like to fly over Tokio in an airplane, and with a megaphone yell down, "What are you doing with all your silk—worms?"

CARELESS GEORGE

Wife: "What has happened, George?"

George: "A puncture."

Wife: "You should have been more careful. The guide book warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."

"Were you afraid to ask your boy friend for money?"

"No, I was calm, and collected."

He: "You mean to tell me that when you go to dinner with Sandy, he forgets he's Scotch?"

She: "Yep, he goes Dutch and I pay for me."

"Who commands in your house?"

"We share the management. My wife bosses the servants and the children. I attend to the goldfish."

A farmer engaged a young man from town and discovered that he was not very bright.

The new man was constantly putting the end boards of the cart on wrong. He would put the front board on behind and the back board in the front. Finally, the farmer painted a large B on each board and called the man's attention to them.

"Now, blockhead," he said, "you can't make any more mistakes. That B is for before and this B is for behind."

My maid was a jewel, but she left me for a better setting.

There's a new word for a girl who is fascinated by an army uniform—khakiwacky.

An American newly arrived in London began to order dinner. "I'd like a thick porterhouse steak smothered in mushrooms, buttered toast..."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the waiter. "Are you trying to order or are you just reminiscing?"

NOT THE COPS

Constable to motorist: "Take it easy; don't you see the sign SLOW DOWN HERE?"

Motorist: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing the village."

CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

They were single and went walking,
And her heart did skip a beat
As she stumbled on the sidewalk
And he murmured, "Careful, Sweet."
Now the wedding bells have rung
And they walk the self-same street,
She stumbled on the sidewalk
And he yelled, "Pick up your feet!"

"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, son, but it must be a short one."

"If a doctor is doctoring a doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doctoring the doctor, doctor the doctor the way he usually doctors?"

Jimmie came into the school room one morning plainly excited. "Yes, Jimmie, what is it?" exclaimed the school teacher.

"I don't want to scare you," said Jimmie, hesitatingly, "but papa said if I didn't get better grades someone is due for a licking."

The following sign is posted by the roadside as you enter a small western town:

Four thousand seventy-six people died last year of gas.

Twenty-nine inhaled it.

Forty-seven put a match to it.

And 4,000 stepped on it.

(We are indebted to current publications for most of our jokes.)

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— In The Axis

We have not yet begun to fight.
But when we do we'll fight with might.
War savings stamps will help us win
So come on, Johnson, let's dig in!

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